

# Starry Starry Night

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Summary: AU. Survivors from the crash of the 100's space craft must survive in the world of the Walking Dead. The Winchesters Brothers are tossed in as well.

## 1. THE CRASH

\_A/N: This will be a minimally Supernatural story (the Winchesters are present) mixed with a seriously modified Walking Dead/The 100 story. The scope of the Zombie problem is going to be a regional not global issue. The cause will not be a mystery for long.\_

\_And it will take place further north in Virginia instead of Georgia (not saying the walking dead didn't originate there). The Characters from the 100 are the ones sent down the only survivors from the Ark. and we are using their surrounding for the story. Back story will be told in flashback.\_

\_Which characters will turn up in the story and who will NOT survive? You'll just have read to find out. \_

\_WARNINGâ€| THIS STORY IS ABOUT ZOMBIES . Character deaths are to be expected.\_

**\*\*STARRY, STARRY NIGHT\*\***

### Chapter One

#### THE CRASH

\_Appalachian Mountains- a few miles outside of Winchester Virginia\_

The night wind rustled through the trees along the long stretch of dirt road. The sky was cloudless and scattered with brightly sparkling stars. Sitting side by side on the hood of the 67 Chevy

Impala with two long neck bottles in hand the brothers once again indulged in one of their favorite post hunt pastimes.

Star gazing.

Aside from the occasional gulp of beerâ€"Silence. It had been several hours since they'd taken down a half dozen of reasonably fresh walkers.

Taking a final long swallow Sam sighed, and glanced over at Dean. "How many did today make?"

"This week? Or since this last round of biters started? Who knows?" the question fading from his lips as the sky above them was washed aglow by the bright light that whistled across the sky above them. Both brothers watched as the flaming ball raced toward the horizon. It moments it was gone and the sky once again just stars.

"What the hell?"

\_About 50 \_\_miles \_\_southeast  
><em>

Rick Grimes bolted upright inside the RV, as the ground literally shook. If he didn't know better he'd think it was an earthquake. His wife sat up beside him clutching his upper arm. In moments the shaking stopped just as abruptly as it started.

"Rick what was that?" she asked.

"I don't know, Lori" he replied hoping his tone was reassuring.

"Dad!" the excited voice came from a bunk a few feet away. "YOU GOTTA SEE THIS!" Carl was peering out the side window of the RV.

Rick pulled the curtain back from the bed he and his wife shared. There were bright flames in the forest not too far away.

"DAMN!" he swore. The last thing they needed was a forest fire.

\_\*\*Out in the forest the heads of a dozen or so walkers turned in unison toward the flames.\*\*\_

\* \* \*

><p><em>Also to the southeast a few miles further away on the northern side of the flamesâ€|. <em>

The archer slung his crossbow over his shoulder as he glanced out the window again.

His Asian companion was still sitting on top of his sleeping bag in the run down shack trying to shake away the longing for further sleep. "What the hell was that?"

"I don't know but there's a fire."

A short-haired woman had also been awakened. She reached for her

boots and then her gun. The archer looked back at them. "No need for all of us to go."

She came to full height in just moments. "Daryl Dixon! If you think you're leaving me and Glenn behindâ€"you've got another think coming!"

"Calm down Carol." He tried assuage her, "But make it quick. You're right, given the way our luck's run lately the fire will spread this way."

Blankets and water bottles were haphazardly tossed into back packs and weapons strapped on and ready within minutes and the trio slipped out the door together

\* \* \*

><p><em>Fairly close to its intended coordinates<em>

The wreckage was scattered across about a half-acre sized crater in the middle of the forest. The impact had broken the space craft into several pieces. A little over 3/4 of the 100 occupants were either dead or dying, their injuries critical. Some of the bodies were scattered across the ground. The piece that was closest to the bottom of the craft was relatively intact and held the most survivors, none of them had escaped injury. however on the surface none of them seemed life-threatening.

Across the spacecraft two pairs of eyes met. "Finn, are you alright?"

"Just peachy!" he replied, reaching up to wipe a smear of blood from his temple. "we could sure use your mom's expertise here Clarke."

Tears welled up in the blond girl's blue eyes. "Don't mention my mom." Her hand clenched over her chest at the emotional pain gripping her heart. By her reckoning she would never see her mother again. Her hand slid to the restraining straps and disengaged the locking clip. She began moving among her companions to assess their injuries.

She came to a young man a little older than rest of them, dark brown curls, hazel eyes. He'd already disengaged his strap and had already freed another female, his sister.

"Bellamy?" Clarke asked. "How's Octavia?"

"Not sure, she's kinda out of it." The girl Octavia was groggy and Bellamy cradled her to his chest.

Finn had started on his side getting everyone free working his way to where Clarke and Bellamy were. His concern was the smoke and the clear knowledge that fire was outside. Fire... something none of them had any experience with. The only thing he knew from what they'd been told... Fire could be deadly.

"Clarke, we need to get out of here. We could burn alive in here."

Clarke did a quick mental checklist of the group. There was herself

of course, Finn, Bellamy, Octavia. A girl named Raven, and three other young men she knew Jasper, Monty and Murphy. Then a handful of others whose names she was uncertain of. Thirteen in total unless they found others outside. Thirteen out of the 100 teenagers that a few hours ago were relatively safe aboard the Ark.

Finn, Jasper and Monty began moving twisted pieces of metal and dangling wires out of the way seeking access to the outside, no longer wondering if earth was habitable because they were clearly alive. No one's radiation monitors had gone off and it was unlikely that all of them would fail at the same time. Surely if it was dangerous to breathe the air they would be showing negative indications already.

Finn's growing eagerness to see if the world they have hoped for is just beyond their crash site was quelled immediately by blood curdling screams from outside.

## 2. Meet the Grounders

**\*\*Chapter Two\*\***

**\*\*Grounders\*\***

**\*\*THEN\*\***

**\_\*\*Six hours earlierâ€¦|. The ARK SPACE STATION\*\*\_**

Cell by cell the teenage offenders in the lockup were taken, rendered unconscious, fitted with arm bands to track their vital signs, and strapped one by one into the drop ship. The 100 prisoner\_s\_ only began to regain consciousness after the spacecraft had launched and was hurtling through the earth's atmosphere.

On a video-screen the Chancellor of the Ark made a brief speech explaining what was going on. In short that they were test subjects to determine if it was safe to return to the ground after the nuclear Armageddon nearly 100 years ago. He gave instructions on where to obtain supplies.

What no one on the ark or the drop ship knew was that the earth was in a decidedly different condition than what any of them believedâ€¦|

**\*\*NOW \*\***

After insisting his wife and son remain behind with the RV, Rick approached the crash site from south side. With experienced stealth he moved through the trees navigating past walkers that were moving now with definitive purpose in the same direction. The only noise was the rasping breathing of always hungry biters. He could have started lashing out at them but he was more intent on determining the cause of what he presumed was some kind of explosion.

The smoke was growing thicker and he thought he could moans and cries that were not the sounds of walkers. He reached the edge of the trees staring down into what appeared to be a fresh crater. Something you would assume to happen if a meteor crashed. But there was distinct smell of some kind of fuel in the air. He was trying to process what

he was seeing when he heard the scream.

His eyes scanned across what he now knew to be wreckage of some kind but it did not look like an airplane or helicopter. That's when the smoke cleared a little and he saw the bodies scattered on the ground. A fresh feast for the dead pressing through the smoke. His eyes scanned for the source of the screams.

It was too late for the girl who couldn't be more than a young teenager. Still he moved forward, With a swing of his blade removing the head of the walker that was tearing into her flesh.

"Please, help me!" she whimpered.

"I will." he replied, kneeling beside her. Rick caught and held her gaze as he gave her mercy. She never saw the knife coming as he slid it through her ear canal into her brain.

He stood again scanning the area. He caught sight of two teenage boys standing up, but clearly injured, yet untouched by walkers thus far. He was about to shout at them to move as there were two walkers moving their direction when two arrows in quick succession flew from the opposite side of the crater taking down both biters.

He didn't have to look to know who it was. Daryl's trio had been on a run for supplies to the North, while he and his family had taken the RV south for the same purpose. They had either been delayed going out or had found what they needed early.

He began swinging the blade with renewed purpose making his way across the crater dropping walkers like it was a stroll through the park. He moved past the injured unless they had been bitten, and passed by bodies where he could not assess death vs consciousness in the smoke.

Finally reaching the stunned teenagers he shouted, "Follow me"

\* \* \*

><p>Trying to provide cover for Rick and those boys Daryl let another arrow fly. The walker dropped and Carol ducked around him moving forward with her gun drawn, Glenn moved past Daryl on the other side and then they moved as a unit making sure they had all directions covered. They approached a piece of the wreckage and Glenn managed to drag a piece of metal back enough to see inside and they were disheartened at the loss of life.<p>

Although untouched by the walkers the bodies were still strapped in their seats but they showed no sign of life. Tears brimmed but did not fall from Carol's eyes, trying to convince herself that they died instantly. They were literally strangers to her, but what tore at her heart was that they were clearly just kids. Not much older than Carl.

Daryl voiced what they all were thinking, "What the hell is this thing and where did it come from?" while he let another arrow fly and Glenn took down a walker a few feet away.

Glenn spoke, "Looks like one of those space craft used back when the all the bombs took down all the major cities almost a hundred years

ago. All the space exploration sites worldwide were destroyed."

"Well" Daryl replied, "Are you sure about that, cos this thing had to come from somewhere!"

Whack! Whack! Two more walkers fell.

Carol looked past Daryl, "Rick's coming from over there."

Rick was making his way their direction. Three swings of his blade and three walkers to the ground. Following behind him were the boys, clearly dazed but taking Rick as an authority figure, not about to question the horrifying situation.

\* \* \*

><p>Wells was trying to process his surroundings. As the Chancellor's son he'd always been told that the ground was unliveable and would be that way for another century. Clearly that theory was wrong but what had the radiation done to the world his father always spoke of so reverently? Clearly this man leading them across the crater was "normal" like him. But those other creatures; were they the result of radiation?<p>

They crossed through the wreckage toward three other people. Two with hand guns and one with a crossbow. He recognized the weapons from the earth history classes he'd taken aboard the Ark. He had tried not to acknowledge the bodies of people he'd grown up with lying scattered on the ground. There would be time to mourn them properly later. At least that's what he hoped.

He glanced at his friend. "Elliot? Did you see Clarke anywhere out here?"

Elliot replied, "No. She was in the rear of the ship. I don't see any of them from that section."

Wells looked around again at all the scattered pieces of the wreckage and pointed to his left. "Sir," he addressed the man leading them loudly. "Can we please check over there? There are quite a few people I can't account for and the places they were sitting is right there."

The man looked back at him, "Call me Rick, and you are?"

"Wells, and this is Elliot."

"Let us make sure it's safe first." Rick looked over to Carol, Glenn and Daryl. "We need to clear out from here to over there," pointing to the left side of the trio about 100 feet, At least a dozen walkers were wandering directly along that route.

Wells could only stare in amazement as seemingly out of nowhere all four "grounders" brandished blades and began swinging at the grotesque slow moving creatures. One by one they fell and steadily they closed the distance.

Wells looked at the hole in the wreckage. He forced himself to hope against hope as he moved closer, expecting the worst and began to

shout. "Clarke! Clarke! It's Wells. Is anyone in there?"

He held his breath, praying for an answer.

\* \* \*

><p>Finn, Monty and Jasper heard the voice. Finn yelled back to Clarke. 'Hey, Wells is outside calling for you.'<p>

Clarke replied, "Answer him, you're the closest."

Finn turned back toward the place they had been trying clear access through. "Wells. It's Finn, Clarke is here and we're all pretty much okay, just really want to get the hell out of here."

From outside the voice came again. "how many are in there?"

Clarke had moved forward enough at this point to hear the conversation. "Wells, there are thirteen of us in here."

"Hold on Clarke. We're going to get you out."

End  
file.